none but this.

Mar I like the new tire within excelently,if the haire were a thought browner:and your gown's a moſt rare faſhion yfaith, I ſaw the Dutcheſſe of Millaines gowne that they praiſe ſo.

Hero O that exceedes they ſay.

Marg. By my troth's but a night-gown it reſpect of yours, cloth a gold and cuts, and lac'd with ſiluer, ſet with pearles, downe ſleeues,ſide ſleeues,and skirts,round vnderborne with a blewiſh tinſell, but for a fine queint graceful and excelent faſhion,yours is worth ten on't.

Hero God giue me ioy to weare it, for my heart is exceeding heauy.

Marg. T'will be heauier ſoone by the weight of a man.

Hero Fie vpon thee,art not aſhamed?

Marg. Of what lady?of ſpeaking honourably?is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without mariage?I thinke you would haue me ſay,ſauing your reuerence a husband: & bad thinking do not wreſt true ſpeaking,ile offend no body, is there any harm in the heauier,for a husband? none I thinke, and it be the right husband,and the right wife,otherwiſe tis light and not heauy,aske my lady Beatrice els,here ſhe comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow coze.

Beat. Good morrow ſweete Hero.

Hero Why how now?do you ſpeake in the ſicke tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune,me thinkes.

Mar Clap's into Light a loue,(that goes without a burden,) do you ſing it,and ile daunce it.

Beat. Ye Light aloue with your heels,then if your husband haue ſtables enough youle ſee he ſhall lacke no barnes.

Mar. O illegitimate conſtruction! I ſcorne that with my heeles.

Beat. Tis almoſt fiue a clocke coſin, tis time you were ready,by my troth I am exceeding ill,hey ho.

Mar. For a hauke,a horſe,or a husband?

Beat.

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Mar. Wel, and you be not turnde Turke, theres no more ſayling by the ſtarre.

Beat. What meanes the foole trow?

Mar. Nothing I, but God ſend euery one their hearts deſire.

Hero Theſe gloues the Counte ſent me,they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am ſtuft coſin,I cannot ſmell.

Mar. A maide and ſtuft! theres goodly catching of colde.

Beat. O God help me,God help me, how long haue you profeſt apprehenſion?

Mar. Euer ſince you left it, doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not ſeene enough,you ſhould weare it in your cap,by my troth I am ſicke.

Mar. Get you ſome of this diſtill'd *carduus benedictus*, and lay it to your heart,it is the onely thing for a qualme.

Hero There thou prickſt her with a thiſſel.

Beat.Benedictus,why *benedictus*?you haue ſome moral in this *benedictus*.

Mar. Morall?no by my troth I haue no morall meaning, I meant plaine holy thiſſel, you may thinke perchaunce that I think you are in loue,nay birlady I am not ſuch a foole to think what I liſt,nor I liſt not to thinke what I can, nor indeed I can not think, if I would thinke my heart out of thinking,that you are in loue, or that you will be in loue, or that you can be in loue:yet Benedicke was ſuch another,and now is he become a man,he ſwore he would neuer marry, and yet now in diſpight of his heart he eates his meate without grudging, and how you may be conuerted I know not, but me thinkes you looke with your eies as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keepes?

Marg. Not a falſe gallop. *Enter Vrſula.*

Vrſula Madame withdraw,the prince, the Count,ſignior Benedicke, Don Iohn, and all the gallants of the towne are